

12-12-1928

Letter from Grace Rose, Wellesley, Massachusetts,
to Mrs. A.G. Rose, Martinsville, Indiana, 1928
December 12-1928 December 14

Grace Rose

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Recommended Citation

Rose, Grace and Wellesley College Archives, "Letter from Grace Rose, Wellesley, Massachusetts, to Mrs. A.G. Rose, Martinsville, Indiana, 1928 December 12-1928 December 14" (1928). *Grace Rose letters (6C1930)*. 26.
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Tower Court

Wellesley, Mass.

Dec., 12, 1928

Dearest mother,

Your wonderful letter just arrived. It makes life doubly worth living to have such a mother. You seem to understand so well my different problems.

Dec. 13, 6:15 P. M.

I'm waiting for the train now to take me to the Harvard's. You see the grand event has not come off yet. I grabbed a package of fig newtons for my supper so I can say I have already eaten & won't have to buy an expensive dinner. I am learning lots of tricks now that I want to save every cent I can.

So much to say I scarcely know where to start. I am so glad you realize what the coat means to me. (I have it on now.) It is genuine muskrat and everyone thinks it very becoming. The fur goes up & down so it gives me good lines. It is dark muskrat & I bought it at Scott's Furriers, Winter Street, Boston. Mary Sig is crazy about it. She drew her own conclusions — that you had sent it to me & it was also a gift from others. I laughed inside. I was afraid I was going to have to concoct some wild tale. Oh yes, she invited me for Xmas; said of course they were planning on my staying there. I was in last

Sunday & stayed over night. We talked & talked. She is wonderful to me & is quite broad in her ideas, becoming more so all the time. She says she thinks I am wise in going on to college even under financial difficulties, because learning is my bent & I am really getting lots out of it. She sees things quite clearly.

She really is getting quite a lot of style to her. She has a new black coat black crepe-de-chine dress trimmed with velvet, black lace hose, suede slippers, crystal earrings. She wears her hair unravelled and rather long. She looks quite "snappy". She also has a gorgeous black transparent velvet formal. Said she would love to wear it some time, but transparent velvet is too fragile.

Monday I went looking for a job. Jordan Marsh told me to come in Friday, Dec. 21 and they thought they could use me. — probably selling granite dishpanes!

Say! We have a crazy conductor on this train. At the last station he said, "Look at the goldfish down there, Bill. They have skates on!" When he called the next station, he said "Next station is Riverside — that great faraway station. Now he's yelling at a man asking if he has his bag all in! Little scenes from daily life.

I sent the l. c. Tuesday. I shall be at Wellesley till Sunday noon, Dec. 20. I want to use the other l. c. to send things in over to Cambridge. I sure am anxious to see the contents of the next one.

Thank you so much for the blanket. It is lovely and looks so nice with my room. Also the new scarf. I pressed it & put it on at once. It is very tartan. I wish you could see my room. It's a regular heaven to me & I keep it nicely too. Helen noticed how neat I am this year. I started out intending to keep everything in order and I have kept it up. I have an orange blotter on my desk & the blue things I pointed. Also a blue bowl with narcissi bulbs in it which are growing wonderfully. Maria the Italian maid is going to take care of them for me during vacation. I enjoy my room so much I really hate to leave over night & especially for vacation unless I'm going home.

The horses are fine, thank you.

I really am quite happy at school most of the time. I don't have to imitate the plutocrats to be happy. I have some very good friends among the really interesting girls (one, daughter of president of American Physiological Society, Peg Erlinger) I'm doing really good work & think, & enjoy it very much, and am on very good terms with my professors. I ought not to complain, do you think?

My Latin professor has paid me the compliment of asking me to do a very difficult piece of work for special work. (I shall get out of final exam & paper) I am supposed to trace the effect of Latin Comedy on French comedy. The work in English is to be given by one of the professors; and in Italian by an Honors student. I'd like to spend much of the

vacation or it working in the Harvard library.

Dec. 14.

Before I forget it, the next time you send the l. c. to college please send some big bath towels. Both of mine are at home now. Also about the bloomers - I sent a shirt home last time that is just about the kind of material I mean.

I had a "huge" time at the Haywards'. Gee! It was fun. I got there at about 7 o'clock & fooled around Mrs. Hayward's delightful book shop with Esther until the play at 8:45. The play was good, artistic, humorous, modern - but no really great moments. I am sending you a notice. Oh yes, the auditorium just seats about 75 and the stage is very small. The old barn rafters and brick walls are still showing.

After the play we went up to the studio where Mr. H. had been painting all evening. He showed us most of his recent work. It's very interesting and quite good. I expect to see quite a lot of them during the Xmas "vac" & join some of their artist-groups & try sketching from models and doing "moderns" on Sunday evenings. It is fun to dabble in such things, anyway, and to get acquainted with the Beacon Hill artists.

We had tea at eleven o'clock P. M. & talked for an hour or so - mostly about the Persian rugs & old pottery in the studio. Then we went to bed. Esther & I slept on the day bed. I went to sleep looking at the masks, hideous things, that

were used last year in O'Neil's play "The Great
God Brown." This A.M. we were awakened to
the strains of Beethoven's 7th Symphony. Pleasant!
[Wish I had a Victrola!] We had a nice English sort of
breakfast of grapefruit in curring little green
bombs that looked like lily pads, coffee and a huge
dish of porridge! I caught the 8:44 back to Wellesley
walking up Beacon Hill over the Boston Commons
and down to South Station. Arrived in time for
classes & have been studying since.

I am quite tired & going to bed early. Tomorrow
is the fall formal, play & dance at Alumni Hall.
I am going with Lincoln Powell, Harvard engineering
student. About 5 of us girls are going together. I
have not decided what to wear yet. Really ought
to have my pink dress out here.

I got a card from Robert this P.M. He seems
to be standing a good chance for the trip to Europe
next summer. I do hope he gets to go.

This letter is a whopper. And I'll probably
remember some things I have forgotten after I
mail it, too.

Much love to you,
Grace

P.S. Shank dad for the check.